

Eve



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THE BEAUTIES
OF PARIS

FORM FATALE

A FOX AMONG THE HOUNDS

THE BEAUTY AND THE BAR FLY

THE DINNER AT MY PLACE PLOY

Eve



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Where the apple reddens,
Never pry
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I!

PERT, PRETTY, and POPULAR







Pert by name, pert by nature. This is Barbara, or to give her her full name, Barbara Pert. A very popular girl in foggy London town. Barbara is not a full time model, but I don't think it would be difficult to take a guess at her real occupation. She certainly wouldn't get far on "What's My Line." Barbara is a barmaid, she works in one of London's famous "pubs" or what you would call a bar, with a difference. And we can assure you that she is very popular among her customers, as she will be among the readers of this magazine. The particular "pub" that Barbara works in is situated in Chelsea which, as most people know is associated with the art center of London. So it is not surprising to find Barbara working part-time as a model. Many artists stop in at Barbara's bar for an evening pint. Some are famous, some not even known, even unheard of, but to them Barbara is always the epitome of cheerfulness. Someone who is always ready to listen to their tales of woe.

"They're a pretty good crowd," said Barbara. "They very seldom get out of hand, and it's a rare occasion when one of our regulars gets drunk."

We went on to ask Barbara how she found time to fit in modeling with her job at the "pub" since the "pub" is open seven days a week. Being used to London life we were not particularly surprised at the answer which was really very obvious.

"Well, you know the 'pub' is only open during the week from 10:30 A.M. in the morning until 3:00 P.M. and from 5:30 P.M. until 10:30 P.M. and on Sundays we are only open from 12:00 noon until 2:00 P.M. and from 7:00 P.M. until 10:00 P.M., so you can see that it gives me a few hours every afternoon to do modeling work."

This must sound very strange to an American who is used to having bars open from the early hours of the morning to the early hours of the next morning, in fact almost twenty-four hours a day.

Barbara does not have her own apartment as she lives in her own room in the "pub."





"What's it like living in a pub?" we asked her, which is probably a question which most people would ask and a lot of our readers would probably envy anyone living under such conditions. Even before we had finished asking the question, she had the answer on the tip of her tongue. In a very Cockney voice she said,

"Blimey, it's no different than living anywhere else. You know I don't even realise that I live in a pub, cause when I'm finished at 10:30 and we've cleaned up in the bar I toddle off up the apples and pears (stairs) to my little back room, make myself a cup of rosylee (tea), smoke a couple of fags (cigaretts) and then into bed-i-byes. Next morning, we're off again on another day's work, the only time I really live over the pub is at night and then, as I said, it's the same as any other bloomin' place. Ain't it?"

We were very amused by the Cockney rhyming slang that she had used in this conversation and asked her if she could let us hear some more, or at least give us some examples. Which she did and here are one or two of them. Feet are called "plates of meat," your face is called "the deuce and ace," your eyes are known as "mince pies," a walk is "a ball of chalk" and when a person is excited or is getting himself in a state he is known to be in "a two and eight." There are many more of these of course but we haven't got the time or the room to go into them at this stage. Nevertheless coming from the mouth of such a beautiful young woman they did sound mighty peculiar.

Sunday afternoon is the time that Barbara likes the best, for then she has at least four hours to herself. This time she usually spends in one of London's parks, her favorites being St. James and Green Park which run into one-another. She will walk from the Horse Guard's Parade along the side of the lake, which is abundant with wildfowl; ducks, geese, even flamingos and pelicans, and then across The Mall, past Buckingham Palace, up through Green Park to the Wellington Memorial at Hyde Park Corner.

"This," she said "is the most peaceful and relaxing time I have during the week and I don't think that there is anything more beautiful than the London Parks at any time of the year, although during the Spring and early Summer they are a sight for sore eyes."

So it's up to you fellows, if you are in London on a Sunday afternoon about 3 P.M., with nothing to do why not take a stroll? Who knows whom you might meet?









ADAM'S RIB

by Robert Mahler ■ There were four blondes on the jury, six brunettes, and two redheads. A more eager and prejudiced collection of college girls would have been difficult to assemble . . . if not utterly impossible. □ They sat in two lines of straight-back chairs at one end of the huge living room, shotguns and rifles on their laps, and waited for the trial to begin. □ "Your Honor," I said. "What is the specific charge against my wife?" □ Ellie Connor, green eyes and oh, . . . about 125 pounds, I'd say . . . rested her chin on the gavel head. "What have you decided on, Madam Prosecutor?" she asked briskly. □ Donna Summers, a brunette with aggressive hormones, leaned forward, her fingertips on the table. "Violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, Your Honor. Mrs. Spencer has an absolute monopoly. She's threatening the continuation of the entire human race with her narrow-minded attitude. After all, now there are only seventeen of us left in the world. Fifteen women, one man, and Mr. Peabody." □ Peabody sighed. "Believe me girls, I'd like to help, but I'm seventy-eight." □ "Besides the survival of mankind," Donna continued, "there is something else we must consider." She blushed slightly. "Our emotional health. We are all nubile." □ Eleanor Knight's sky-blue eyes sparkled indignation. "Donna what a nasty thing to say. Our thoughts are perfectly normal and clean." □ "Dear," Ellie Connor said soothingly. "Nubile means marriageable." □ Eleanor broke into a bright smile and sat down. "Well, we learn something

(turn to next page)



every day, don't we?"

"Looking around this room," my wife Lynda said stiffly, "I see no particularly good reason why the human race should continue. The results obviously haven't been good so far."

"That is an anti-social attitude," Donna said. "Probably engendered by emotional insecurity."

"If the human race remains in business," Lynda said heatedly, "I personally will be the only one responsible."

"My dear Mrs. Spencer," Ellie Connor said. "Suppose you have all girls? Or all boys? Or even if there are some of each, don't you realize the possible consequences? You've heard of the Jukes, haven't you? Inbreeding emphasizes the bad characteristics as well as the good."

"This is my husband," Lynda declared emphatically. "And what's more he's going to remain my husband alone."

"Dear," I said. "Don't excite yourself."

"I'd like to point out," my wife said evenly, "that every member of the jury is under age."

Evie Forest, languorous-limbed, got up. "I wouldn't say that Mrs. Spencer. Why, in the part of the country where I come from we're sometimes as young as fourteen when we first..." she stopped. "Oh, you mean for jury duty?"

Ellie Connor had a slow smile. "Would you just as soon waive a jury trial, Mrs. Spencer, and let me weigh the evidence and deliver a verdict?"

The idea definitely did not appeal to Lynda. "I'd also like to point out that you're no judge," she said. "Just an instructor in a girl's college."

"Assistant Professor," Ellie

corrected. "The trial will begin."

"I demand a different judge and jury," Lynda snapped.

"Honey," I pointed out. "All the people in the world are in this room. There are no other judges or juries."

She glared at me. "You're no big help. You just sit there with a smirk on your face."

"I have deliberately not been smirking," I said defensively. "I'm merely being calm. One must keep a cool head at a time like this."

"Donna," Ellie Connor said. "Present your case to the jury."

"Yes, Your Honor," Donna took a position in front of the two rows of chairs. "Ladies of the jury, let me take you back to the afternoon of June the 5th..."

June the 5th had started as a normal warm Sunday. Lynda and I had taken an afternoon ride into the country and at two o'clock we had stopped at a small hillside town for some sandwiches.

And that was where we first saw Ellie Connor and her thirteen chattering college girls.

Lynda sipped her coffee and eavesdropped on their conversation. "They're college girls on some kind of excursion."

I nodded and tried my sandwich.

"They're with their professor or instructor, or something like that," Lynda said after a few more minutes.

I looked the girls over once again. "Where is he?"

"It's a she, dear. That older woman. Connor appears to be her name."

The older woman, as my wife put it, seemed to be in her late twenties. She had raven-black hair and she smiled faintly as

our eyes caught for a moment.

"We used to do things like that in college too," Lynda said. "Visit pulp mills and factories and things like that. To broaden our viewpoint. And besides it was something to do on Sunday afternoons. There wasn't a boys' school within fifty miles."

The door of the restaurant opened and Mr. Peabody came into our lives.

He had thin gray hair and wore a uniform of sorts, rather old and faded, and a cap that reminded one of a railroad conductor's.

He came to our table and spoke to me. "Professor Connor?"

"No," I said. "She's the one over there with the nice... with the nice striped dress."

He looked in her direction and then back at us. "You folks in the party too?"

"No. Just passing through town."

"Then you didn't plan on seeing the mine?"

"What mine?"

"The lead mine. We have a guided tour on Sunday afternoons when there's no work going on. I'm the guide." He glanced at the girls and winced slightly.

Lynda smiled. "Do all those girls make you nervous?"

"They shouldn't, ma'am," Peabody said. "I'm almost eighty and on Social Security." He looked at them uneasily. "Maybe it's my imagination, but they seem to generate a lot of heat."

He sighed. "Are you sure you folks don't want to join us? Only two bits a person. My bus is outside and the mine's only a mile from here."

Ellie Connor was definitely studying me.

"No," I said quickly. "I guess I'd better not."

"Why don't we, George?" Lynda asked. "It might be fun." I returned to my sandwich. "It might be dangerous."

"Oh come now, George," Lynda said. "We've got the time."

And that was how Lynda and I, Mr. Peabody, Assistant Professor Ellie Connor, and thirteen college girls happened to be in the lead mine when it happened.

Somehow, somewhere, someplace in this world, some damn fool pressed the wrong button, threw the wrong switch, bumped against the wrong lever, or messed up a formula.

When we emerged from the mine that afternoon, I was the first to notice anything wrong. Looking down the hill into town I saw automobiles scattered all over the streets and sidewalks. Some had crashed into store fronts, parked cars, or into each other.

Peabody whistled "Biggest accident I ever saw. Looks like everybody got into it."

My eyes followed the main street to the highway beyond town. Cars littered both sides of the road, the ditches, the fields, and about half of them were overturned.

"We'd better get right down there and see if we can help," I said.

Lynda put her hand on my arm. "Wait a minute, George. There aren't any people. I don't see a single soul."

The chattering of the girls faltered and then died. There was no sound on the hillside but the wind.

Ellie Connor finally spoke. "They must be inside the houses."

Lynda shook her head. "Not

all of them. That just couldn't be. Somebody ought to be out in the streets."

"It must be an alert," Peabody said. "With everybody ordered off the streets."

"No," I said. "They'd at least take the time to park their cars."

We were silent another minute and then I made the first reluctant move. "We can't stay up here forever. Let's go."

Peabody drove us about half a mile and then stopped his bus beside a two-tone sedan rammed into a fence.

I got out and opened the right hand door of the car. A small heap of clothing was behind the wheel — as if the driver had stopped and fled. "Nothing," I said. "It's empty." I heard the sound of static and noticed that the radio was on. I slid inside the car, pushed the clothing aside and tried the selector knob. "All the stations are off the air."

The girls were staring wide eyed out of the bus windows.

"Try those two Conelrad stations," Lynda said. "If there really is an Alert, they're supposed to stay on the air."

"I already did," I said. "There's nothing on 640 to 1240 either."

I got out and felt the hood of the sedan. It was warm. One of the girls giggled nervously. "Everything's so quiet."

We tried four more cars along the way and they were empty too.

Lynda's voice trembled. "Did you notice, George? In every car. Little piles of clothing, and that gray dust. Just as if everybody suddenly turned . . ."

"Let's keep going," I said hurriedly.

At the edge of town we came to an impassible tangle of cars and had to get out and walk. The

streets were littered with discarded clothing. Here and there, where the gear shift was in neutral, I noticed automobile motors still running. But there were no people inside the cars.

We tried the drugstores and then the taverns. There wasn't a sign of life. But there was that gray dust in neat little piles before the bars. And the constant litter of shirts, trousers, watches, cigarettes, etc.

I suggested that we break up and spread out to cover the entire town, but none of the girls would consider it. They huddled closely behind me wherever I went.

I tried the private homes next. At first I knocked and waited for an answer, but after a while I didn't bother.

In the basement of a large duplex off Main Street I found the ham rig.

Peabody studied it. "That's one of them radio transmitters and receivers?"

I sat down before it and tried phone and CW for half an hour but raised nothing.

"You sure you know how to work that thing?" Peabody asked.

I nodded. "I have my ticket." Ellie Connor's voice was frightened. "You can't get anything in the whole country?"

"In the whole world," I said slowly.

Donna Forest gasped. "But the electricity is on. You used it for the radio." She pointed to the ceiling. "And the light is on. That means there must be other people somewhere near here."

I sighed. "The generators at the power plant are still working but I don't think anybody's there either. They'll stop running in a day or two after the fuel runs

(Continued on page 18)

THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE

*You've found the time to sit and stare
at beautiful women, some dark, some fair.
But we're sure that not a single mind
has thought of the camera and the man behind.
The man who sets the lights just right,
who knows the angles that please your sight,
who knows the lens he has to choose,
what color filter he must use.
The man who rushes round the globe
burdened down with his heavy load
of cameras, floods and film and plate.
Till his love of the art near turns to hate
But never the less he'll still come through
and make these shots for the likes of you.
So the very next time you take a look
spare a thought for this poor shnook
The PHOTOGRAPHER*





(Continued from page 15)

out." I hesitated a moment and then cleared my throat. "I have the sneaky suspicion we're the only people left in the world."

That broke the dam and the hysterics began bouncing off the walls. The basement was no place for men, so Peabody and I left Lynda and Ellie Connor to do their best and fled upstairs.

I found a bottle of Bourbon and went into the study and shut the door.

"Well," I said, and raised my glass, "here's to the last two men in the world."

Peabody contemplated his drink for a moment. "Whatever happens from now on will be your worry. A game of checkers is my speed and even that leaves me winded."

It took us all about three days of drinking to adjust to the situation and then came the realization that everything in the world was ours — just for the taking.

For twenty-four hours I went around punching No Sale keys on cash registers. I knew that money was no good now, but I still had a fine time.

At the end of the week we decided to move on to a bigger place. We found the country roads fairly clear. But whenever we met a blocked highway and found we couldn't drive around the maze of smashed cars or move them, we simply abandoned our three-car caravan, walked around the obstacle, selected usable cars beyond it, brushed the gray dust off the seats, and drove blithely on.

Whenever we needed gas we siphoned it from cars along the way. I drove one beautiful Cadillac forty miles before a completely impassable intersection forced me to abandon it. I almost

cried.

In Chicago the girls went on a spree. They broke into jewelry shops, department stores, and dress shops and took what they wanted. I did fairly well myself — I go for good liquor and sporting equipment — and Peabody concentrated on fine cigars.

But after three weeks, the inconveniences of living in a dead city proved too much. The electric power was off, of course, and there were no other utilities. No gas, no water pressure, and travel inside the city had to be done by foot. Hardly a street was clear for more than twenty yards.

We left notes in every important place we could think of indicating our general direction of travel — on the off-chance that someone else might be alive in the world and moved out into the country.

We shopped around and selected a colony of self-contained estates along the banks of a large river. Lynda, Peabody, and I took up residence in an English Tudor and Ellie Connor and the girls settled in an American Modern three hundred yards away.

We had oil heat, a private power plant, well and pump, and electric storage depot eight miles away that would keep us in fuel for a thousand years.

It became a rather pleasant life. I did a lot of fishing during the summer on the off-chance that some of Earth's underwater inhabitants had escaped disintegration. It was frail hope at best, and it proved fruitless — or fishless. Undaunted, I switched to hunting when the air turned crisp. Mainly I used an over and under twelve-gauge while my wife preferred a .410 she found

in the gun room of one of our neighboring estates. There were no living targets, of course, but we shot hell out of assorted bits of scenery. Again, there was always the chance that something else had survived.

I was a bit surprised at Lynda's sudden interest in hunting and fishing because, frankly, her outdoor activity previously had been limited to sun-bathing.

But now she followed me about wherever I went, somewhat doggedly, I thought.

One brisk day toward the end of October, she twisted her ankle while we were hunting in a field a quarter of a mile from our house and I had to carry her home.

I saw to it that she was comfortable in an easy chair before the fire and then buttoned my coat.

Lynda's eyes narrowed. "Where are you going?"

"Just thought I'd get in a couple more hours before dark."

Lynda's voice was definite. "You're not leaving this house until I can go with you."

I smiled indulgently. "There's nothing to worry about, honey. There's no traffic on the roads."

"I'm not worried about traffic."

"I won't freeze either. It's not that cold yet."

"I know damn well you won't freeze if you go out alone," she snapped.

The front door bell chimed and when I opened the door, Ellie Connor and Eleanor Forest stepped in. Eleanor was one of those late maturers, but in another year or so, I reflected, she ought to acquire the correct proportions here and there.

Ellie Connor wore an ermine coat and her ninety-seven dia-

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"OK . . . Men—take a bust—Er—I mean BREAK!"

THE BEAUTIES OF PARIS

It has often been said that it takes a Parisian girl to radiate real sex appeal. We are not trying to prove or disprove that statement, just to illustrate the subject and let you make up your own mind, we have whipped up an armful of Parisian pixies designed to delight the eye as Parisian pastry delights the palate.

ANNETTE AUBREY proves a girl can have freckles and glamour too. She has just completed her first film, and dared the make-up men to cover them up.





VALERIE VALADON, an eighteen year old beauty was born on a farm near Bordeaux. One sight of Paris convinced her that city life was the only kind for her. She has no burning ambitions to be a movie queen, just to work and live in Paris.

LISETTE PARMA an exotic beauty with an exotic job. Lisette blends perfumes in a shop on the Champs Elysees. Perfumed from top to toe, she measures 37-24-36.



DORE ORLANDO is a French Canadian movie starlet with an international look. She is often mistaken for Italian, South American, or Eurasian. It is because of this look that she is given an opportunity to play many different roles.



DENICE PALFI has that pixie like quality so typical of the French femme. A tiny five feet tall, Denice measures in at 35-22-34. Her long brunette tresses give her that "baby doll" look.




RENE FRANCE works at the internationally famous Folies-Bergere. Usually wearing not much more than she is here.



SIMONE LONGET looks the essence of French glamour in Brigitte Bardot like corset. Simone has doubled for many famous stars, but hopes soon to fill the movie screens with her own curvy image.

JACQUE DORLEAC, a smouldering dark eyed beauty, destined to play the other women in every film she has appeared in. A mere nineteen Jacquie has vamped her way through some six films.



A black and white photograph of a woman, Veronique Ver-Tel, sitting on the ground in a field of tall grass. She is wearing a dark, strapless, form-fitting dress and a dark choker. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her hair is styled in a short, wavy bob. The background is a dense field of tall grass and some wooden posts.

French television producers have decided that **VERONIQUE VER-TEL** is the typical French housewife type. She is busy earning a fabulous amount of money demonstrating products on TV. Veronique also has appeared in films. In France the movie houses show about an hour of commercials with their films, and she is rapidly becoming the queen of the commercial cinema.



LILI MOREAU is a lingerie model in a top Paris department store. Lili has just started her photographic modeling career, her burning ambition is to appear on a magazine cover. We think that with her smouldering good looks that should be no problem.



20 year old **ANNICK AIMEE** has appeared in six films, since she began her career two years ago. Every film was a box office hit, producers now are all clamouring for Annick's services, she is a good luck charm as well as a good actress.



ADAM'S RIB

(Continued from page 18)

mond necklace. She had found it in the back room of a Chicago jewelry store and the owner had evidently been happily admiring it when he disintegrated.

She smiled slowly and her voice was a soft stroke on the cheek, "How are you, George?"

"Bring them here, dear," my wife called firmly from the living room. "Naturally they came to see me too."

Ellie clicked her tongue when she looked down at Lynda in the easy chair.

"You poor, poor dear, I see that you sprained your ankle."

Lynda showed surprisingly sharp teeth. "How can you tell, professor? I have no bandage on it."

Ellie kept smiling, "One of the girls happened to see you being carried into the house."

"What sharp eyes she must have," Lynda said sweetly. "It could have been a sprained back, a twisted knee, or a fainting spell, but right away she knew that I'd sprained my ankle."

Evie Forest was staring at me, apparently hypnotized, and she sighed.

Yes, I thought again, in just about a year or two.

"George," Ellie Connor said. "Could you possibly drop over to our place? We're having trouble with the refrigerator."

"Darling," Lynda said, "you've got about a half a dozen in that house. Don't tell me that they're all not working?"

Ellie smiled tolerantly. "We simply don't know a thing about machines or electricity, dear."

Lynda matched the smile. "I'll send Mr. Peabody right over."

"Well, now," Peabody said. "I don't really know too much about them things, but I'll try my best."

Ellie seemed about to stop him, but then she shrugged and let him leave.

Eleanor and Ellie remained another ten minutes. When I accidentally brushed against Eleanor at the door, her eyes fluttered and for a moment I thought she was going to faint.

When I rejoined Lynda, I was whistling.

"They're watching," Lynda said. "Don't know for how long it's been going on, but they're watching."

"Watching? Who's watching?"

"Them," she said bitterly.

"They've got an astronomy telescope trained on this house. I saw it this morning when I was upstairs making the bed. I'll bet there's always somebody on duty, even at night. That's how they know I sprained my ankle. They were probably spying on us with that contraption when it happened."

Peabody returned fifteen minutes later. "They forgot to plug it in. Also they seemed mighty disappointed to see only me."

In the evening, I carried Lynda upstairs to our bedroom and began taking off my clothes.

"Hold it," Lynda commanded. "Pull down the shades first."

I went to the window. Three hundred yards away in the moonlight there was an unobstructed view to the upper storeys where Ellie and the girls lived.

When I pulled down the shades I had the distinct feeling that I was disappointing someone — or more.

In the morning when I woke, Lynda was sitting up in bed. She looked as though she hadn't gotten much sleep.

"We've got to leave," she said emphatically. "We should have left them in the very beginning.

The very beginning."

"We can't do that, honey. They'd be helpless without a man around."

She glared at me. "We'll leave them Mr. Peabody. Just in case anything goes wrong with their refrigerator again."

"Why don't we think this over a while?" I said reasonably. "For a couple of months."

But Lynda wasn't listening. "They'll be watching the house during the day, but there's no moon until eleven tonight and the telescope won't do them any good. We'll put a couple of hundred miles between them and us before daybreak. They'll never find us."

I spent the morning trying to change Lynda's mind, but that proved impossible, and in the afternoon I was packing suitcases.

Peabody watched me. "I'd better come with you two," he announced. "Even at my age I don't feel safe all alone with them. I'll pack my cigars and jig-saw puzzles."

I was pouring diamond rings into a zipper bag when the doorbell chimed.

Lynda panicked. "Don't let them in."

But either Peabody was near the front door and opened it or they didn't wait.

It was quite a procession and Ellie Connor was in the lead.

She had a Husqvarna Super Grade bolt action .270 over one arm and the thirteen girls behind her were armed with a variety of shotguns, rifles, and .22s.

Ellie's lips curled when she saw the suitcases. "Ha! So you were planning on sneaking out."

Lynda glared. "Just what, may I ask, is the meaning of

(Continued on next page)

this? Stalking into our home, armed to the teeth?"

Ellie smiled grimly. "It looks like we arrived just in time."

"This is none of your business," Lynda snapped.

"And that is just where you are wrong," Ellie said evenly. "The girls and I have had several meetings and we have come to a decision. It is pretty obvious that you must cooperate with us. Share and share alike." She looked at me. "Of the goods we have."

"Over my dead body," Lynda said flatly.

Ellie's smile had meaning. "We are prepared for that contingency, if necessary."

Evie spoke apologetically. "We don't think we're being unreasonable under the circumstances, Mrs. Spencer. After all, we are the only people in the world and your husband is the only man." She remembered Peabody. "No offense intended, Mr. Peabody."

Peabody took the wrapper off a cigar. "None taken."

"And so," Evie continued, "we've got to think about our children."

Lynda's eyes almost pinned me to the wall.

"I haven't left your side for a moment, dear," I said hurriedly. "If anything happened to them it was before I became the last man in the world."

Evie flushed. "Mr. Spencer, all of us girls come from the very best of homes and I assure you that we're all . . ." She searched for the right words. "Just as we were born."

"In my family," Dora Dortmund, a blond who strained her sweater, said, "we even wait a month or two after we get married, just to prevent talk. We

haven't had a premature baby in over two hundred years."

Lynda folded her arms. "Out! Everybody out!"

"You're being selfish, Mrs. Spencer," Evie said. "And that's a very bad character trait. Your husband is Adam and he has a duty to posterity."

I thought about that and caught myself nodding.

"We have decided," Evie said, "that we ought to do this in a legal fashion. We will have a trial."

Lynda's eyes widened. "A trial?"

Ellie caressed the Husqvarna. "In a sober, intelligent, civilized manner whether you are guilty of hoarding, Mrs. Spencer. I will be the prosecuting attorney and the rest of the girls will be the jury. Miss Connor, because she is older, more mature, has been selected as the judge."

Ellie Connor glanced at her sharply. "There is no need to use the condescending tone of voice, Evie. I am not yet thirty and I assure you I have many, many good years ahead of me."

Lynda smiled grimly. "And I suppose you've arranged for a defense attorney?"

"Well," Evie said. "I suppose your husband could be that."

I quickly wiped the smile from my face. "Honey, I'll try my honest best. My honest best."

Lynda fumed. "I refuse to go through with anything so ridiculous."

Ellie tapped her rifle. "My dear, you realize you have no other choice."

And so we arranged chairs for the jury and Peabody found a gavel in the study.

Donna presented the case for the prosecution and it was a

masterful job. So well-organized, so sincere, so convincing.

As I listened to her I realized that I was — how shall we say — doomed? I was still lost in the dream of that when Donna finished.

They watched me as I tried to think of anything that could possibly be said in Lynda's defense.

After about a minute of silence, Peabody rose, got to his feet. "I just this minute thought of something. The reason we're all alive is that we were in the lead mine."

"We know that," Ellie Connor said patiently. "The lead ore surrounding us protected us from the rays or whatever it was that turned everybody else into ashes."

Peabody nodded. "Well, did you ever stop to think that there are more lead mines in the United States than just one?"

The jury-women stared at him and here and there one of them gasped.

Peabody nodded again. "There must be lots of lead mines in the country and I guess most of the miners are men. Seems logical anyway."

Donna blinked. "There must be hundreds of mines." She broke into a happy smile. "And we'll be a valuable commodity. Not a surplus."

Dora Dortmund clasped her hands ecstatically. "We'll go from lead mine to lead mine. It ought to be fun."

Ellie Connor's eyes were thoughtful as she looked at me. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"There's a mine about sixty-five miles southeast of here," Peabody said. "At Midgeville."

Donna was flushed with excitement. "I've got to get packed."

And that, obviously was also the thought of every one of the jury-women as they shrieked their way through the doorway.

Ellie Connor watched them go and then sighed. "Well, I suppose having a real live one to yourself is better than sharing him with fourteen others." Her green eyes looked me over. "Still, I don't think things would have been too bad."

When she was gone too, I slumped in my easy chair.

I felt depressed.

"On your feet," Lynda ordered. "We've got to get the suitcases in the car and start traveling."

"What for?" I asked gloomily. "They're going away. Every last morsel of them."

"They'll be back."

"Back? Why?"

"When they realize that we were in the mine on a Sunday."

Peabody was wedging boxes of cigars in a traveling case. "Our mine never had a Sunday shift and I guess that probably holds true for other mines too. We're still the only people in the world."

Twenty minutes later we were in the car and on the highway.

"Faster," Lynda said. "And you could look a little happier."

I forced a smile. It hurt my face.

After about four miles, Peabody spoke. "There's a car following us."

I looked in the rear view mirror. It was Ellie Connor's white convertible.

"She's alone," Lynda said. "Step on the gas."

"I've been thinking, dear." I said. "You're right. Fifteen of them might be just a little strain on me."

Lynda pulled a .38 Magnum revolver out of the glove compartment. "We'll shoot it out if we have to," she said grimly. "That green-eyed cat has been asking for it."

"But if we cut down the ratio," I said. "To something reasonable like two to one?"

"Take the next side road." Lynda snapped.

"You would have someone to talk to besides me." I said brightly. "You know, feminine chit chat and all that sort of thing. You wouldn't get so lonely."

"She's gaining," Peabody said.

"A ratio of two to one is just about right," I said. "Naturally I feel sorry for the other girls, but we must be practical."

I topped a hill and what I saw almost made me go into a ditch.

A half mile ahead four Volkswagen buses were rapidly bearing down on us.

"It's the girls!" Lynda breathed fiercely. "They've cut us off. But don't worry, dear, I'll save the last bullet for you."

I brought the car to a sharp stop. "It can't be the girls. None of them has a Volkswagen, much less four. This means that there must be other people in the world."

Lynda cocked the hammer of the revolver. "But if they're all women I'll end the future prospects of the human race right here and now."

The Volkswagens roared towards us and almost before they screeched to a stop, the doors were flung open.

"Men!" Lynda exclaimed in relief. "All men! We're saved!"

Behind us Ellie jumped out of her convertible, the Husqvarna in her hand. She stopped in her tracks, blinked a few times, and

then smiled. She tossed the rifle back into the car and began applying lipstick.

All of the men appeared to be in their early twenties, with the exception of one who was approximately my age.

He came forward with an outstretched hand. "Mr. Spencer, I presume? We found your note in the Bourbon department of Chicago's largest liquor store." He rubbed his hands. "You mentioned that there were fourteen . . ." Then he looked worried. "You used the word 'girls.'"

"Women," I corrected. "Take my word for it. How did all of you manage to survive?"

"I'm Professor Woodrow," he said, "of the State College of Mines and this is my class. I happened to be taking them on a tour of the lead mine when all this happened."

I counted the hungry faces in front of me. "Sixteen, including you, Professor?"

He nodded. "I guess we'll just have to pull straws to see who gets who. Two of us will just have to be disappointed."

"Perhaps," I said. I was thinking of Ellie Connor. "And perhaps not."

One more passenger lowered himself creakily out of the last Volkswagen.

"That's Brewster," Woodrow said. "He was our guide."

Peabody brightened. "Do you happen to play checkers?"

Brewster nodded. "I'm seventy-four. You're damn right I play checkers."

We established quite a village and there were thirty-four of us in the world.

But nine months later . . . almost to the day . . .



WASH AWAY THE BLUES

How many of our readers, we wonder, have ever been pressured into buying a washing machine. There must be hundreds. Even if you haven't bought a washing machine we're sure you know the type of salesman whom one usually comes across in the appliance section of the local department store. They're the tops in salesmanship. They have to be to keep their jobs and to make a living. It's a highly competitive field and they know it. ■ Now we'll put you into different circumstances. Imagine you're the manager of a hotel or a large commercial laundry, got it! O.K., now you're sitting behind a large desk, your phone rings, your secretary informs you that you have a caller, a laundry equipment seller. You don't want to be bothered, but, your secretary thinks you should be, and as usual has her way. Immediately you start thinking of excuses as to



why you don't need any new equipment. It's an old routine that you have off pat by now, this should only take a couple of minutes. ■ The door opens, you look up and you're speechless. Instead of an immaculately dressed salesman, you see walking towards you the most beautiful silver haired blonde. She is introduced to you as Diane Wagner and she's selling heavy duty laundry equipment. So far you haven't been able to take your eyes off her 36-23-36 figure. This you think can't be happening to me? How can I argue with this gorgeous creature? By now you realize that you're sunk, you know that you're sold, and Diane hasn't said a word as yet. But even if she were selling

the Brooklyn Bridge you'd be in the market. ■ This is no rib fellas, we swear it's the truth. This is exactly what Diane does for a living and we don't think we'd be far wrong in saying that Diane must be the most beautiful traveling saleslady in the United States. Mind you, even with so much on her side selling isn't quite as easy as we suggested. Nevertheless Diane makes out very nicely. Why did she choose this form of livelihood? Well, she finds the work interesting. She is virtually her own boss and she meets older more sophisticated men which is the way she wants it. The only trait that gives away her age is the fact that she is mad about rock and roll music. But who cares? Why with a dame like that around we'd rock and roll all night. Right fellas?





Eve



MEETS A SPRING ROBIN

*Once upon a wintry morn,
I gazed through my window,
And looked at my lawn.
A specter there
I thought I did see.
But this apparition
Stared right back at me.
My hand to my eye
To rub away the sleep,
Did halt its swift motion
In the midst of its sweep.
If this be a dream,
Why wipe it away?
Keep looking,
Keep dreaming,
From sleep never stray.*







*I mustered my courage and,
My window did raise, so
That I could this vision
Much closer appraise.
When the voice of my wife,
Pierced my ears to my "Haide"
Screaming "Get back to bed,
AND PULL DOWN THE SHADE."*



With sincere apologies to lovely Danielle Robin. One of the Crop of French beauties who is giving Brigitte Bardot some competition. Danielle is an exotic dancer now living in Hollywood. We hope the poetry doesn't send her back to France. We want her for some more pictures.







“THE DINNER AT MY PLACE PLOY”

Satire by David Hurst

GREETINGS: We address ourselves only to those nobles in earnest quest of the loftiest of game, the elusive feminine bonne-bouche. To all others we say, “Begone, and search for thy pleasures in more terraqueous and less fascinating pursuits.”

We herewith offer you a delightfully detailed, gallantly and eminently conceived blueprint for a romantically profitable social evening. Nothing, ne’er one whit nor detail, has been spared to raise your S.Q. (Seduction Quotient).

We offer fair warning that meticulous and mindfull heed to each detail of the instruction hereinafter set forth is imperative. If you feel an irresistible urge to experiment, make subtle changes, or, perhaps, test your own ingenuity, feel free to do so. Remember, however, that “tried and true can score for you.” Hewing to the ‘line,’ if you will allow us our little pun, should lead any worthy to an evening that culminates in an exuberant fruition.

Women being what they are, (we would be the last to change them) there is no absolute guarantee. Please rest assured, however, that no touch, no subtle nuance, no sly suggestion shall be overlooked in our efforts to enhance the male animal’s chances for lavish success in his efforts to overcome the abysmal languor of the ille feme sole.

At the conclusion of the text you will find a complete appendix listing, in detail, all of the necessary equipment for completion of the ploy. Every facet of this ploy, including recipes, has been pre-tested, with delightful results, by our acceptance committee. The only variations that might be necessary are to be found in the section dealing with alcoholic libations. These, we feel, you are the best judge of. The changes should be made to meet the requirements of your guests.

Prepare for an exciting experience. Students of “ploomanship,” rejoice! You are the avant-garde of a new generation of males, all of whom will sport an enlightened id.

"THE DINNER AT MY PLACE, PLOY"

SELECTION QUOTIENT: 17:2

SUCCESS POTENTIAL:

RATING: 97.9
OMNIPOTENT

ACTION APPROACH:

1. Carefully select the ployee. Establish that she is available for dating on a subsequent Friday or Saturday evening. (If all goes as planned, you won't want to be rising early the following morning.) You must then establish that she would, if asked, be willing to grace you with her company on one of these evenings.

2. Here is your opening gambit: "I'm having some very interesting people up for dinner Friday evening. Would you like to start our evening at my place?" (Here, you are assuring her that she will not be alone with you. This is the "safety in numbers" ployagory. You also say "start" the evening at your apartment. You neglect to add, however, that it is also your intention to end it there. This type of conditioning is eminently successful in making strong women weak.) Don't wait for an answer. She is weighing the chances of a better offer coming along in the intermit. You must immediately titilate her imagination. Continue: "Cooking is a hobby with me. I'm making Coq au Vin." Offhandishly add, "It's probably my best dish. I've actually been mentioned in one of the Paris newspapers." (Voila! A man who can cook. Might be fun!) You are inspired. "Hey! There's an idea. I'll have Noel LaDeux, he writes for France-Amerique, up that evening, too. He's the one who wrote the item about the Coq. I haven't seen the old lover in months. You'll love him." (A French newspaperman. How dashing can one get? Even if you are a disappointment, perhaps she can make some headway with the Frenchman. Naturally, you do not tell her that there is no Frenchman. On the evening of your date, explain that an assignment kept poor Noel away. "Perhaps another time, Oui?") Now is the time for bravery. Don't ask for confirmation. Give her your address and tell her that she is expected at about eight. If she is still concerned, forget her. She's a dolt and doesn't deserve you.

ACTION BADINAGE:

1. Invite a close and trusted friend to squire one of his more broadminded ladies to dinner on the evening in question. In return for his dinner, he must learn a group of "timely quotes", which he will offer at stipulated times during the evening. The quotes must be repeated verbatim. It might be well if you prepared a list for him so that there is no chance of a miscue. You will find these "timely quotes" and their proper sequence as you read on.

ACTION CLAIRVOYANT:

1. Three or four days prior to your date, pick up an inexpensive gift. A bottle of perfume is ideal. Mail it to the ployee, care of yourself. (By mailing it to yourself, you can save it for a more fruitful wench if this one fails to rise to your expectations.)

2. Note on the outside wrapper of the gift that it is not to be opened until 11:00 P.M. of the night of your dinner.

3. Insert a card with the gift. This phrase is ideal: "I so fervently hoped that you would be as you are . . . for this is how you seemed to be. Thank you so much for being you . . . and for being here . . . and for being mine, tonight." This says nothing at all, but she'll be so overwhelmed by your forethoughtfulness that she'll read wonderful things into your words.

4. Sign your note with the numbers 3-3-6. She will, upon receiving the gift, pester you to decipher the signature. The correct moment is hereinafter indicated. Actually, it's rather simple. 3-3-6 indicates the individual numerals that go to make up the number of letters in the words, "You are lovely". However, the touch of mystery will pay off. A ployee must always pay for her curiosity.

ACTION DINNER:

1. On the evening preceding your dinner, consult Appendix "A". Purchase all of the items indicated, eliminating, of course, any part of the list that you might already have in your larder. With out considering liquor, the entire list should come to approximately \$15.00. A small price indeed for so happy a venture.

2. Follow instructions contained in Appendix "B"

3. The evening has arrived. Dress in a smart sport shirt, slacks and loafers. (Laced shoes will cause unsightly and time consuming bending when you have cause to remove them.)

4. Be sure that your abode whispers the sweet truth of your immaculate nature. "Clean quarters . . . clean thoughts." An air refresher should be used to allay kitchen odors.

5. Place the albums in Group "A", Appendix "C", on your record changer.

6. Set out pots, bowls and spices that you will use preparing dinner. You will find a list in Appendix "D". It should now be between 6:30 and 7:00 P.M.

7. Follow instructions in Appendix "E".

8. Upon arrival of guests, serve first round of Martinis. If ployee counters with, "I don't drink Martinis," the answer is, "but you've never tasted my Martinis, try just one." She'd drink castor oil before she'd be a poor enough guest to refuse. In mixing drinks, use frozen gin or vodka that you have prepared according to Appendix "B". Since the alcohol in these cubes has a much higher melting point than the water, you are on your way toward the king of dry martinis. An appropriate affectation is to add your vermouthe with an eye dropper. It is fashionable to make a nine to one, or "pucker dry" Martini. Naturally, your frozen potion will then delightfully cube the original ratio. The drinks will not be dry, they will be arid.

9. After you've poured, leave for the kitchen to prepare dinner. Now is the time for your carefully coached friend to use Quote #1. All quotes are directed to the ployee. "You don't know the impression that you've made on this guy. I've never seen him as excited about a date before." The ployee now feels both "wanted" and "special". She is also among friends. "After all, didn't *your friend* let her in on the carefully hidden fact that you had been relishing her company?"

10. Join the group twice more as you prepare dinner. Freshen their drinks. Don't push more than three cocktails. They won't need it. We've planned for the more effective surreptitious saturation. Every dish with the exception of the peas and coffee use some form of alcohol in their preparation.

Following recipes in Appendix "F", complete preparation of dinner. Your menu follows:

Fruit Cup, Cointreau
Brazilian apple soup avec sherry
Coq au Vin
Rice a la Roi
Tossed Salad, Your Own Dressing
Petit pois avec champagne
Hot blueberries, with ice cream in rum sauce
Demi-tasse or after dinner coffee
Cookies

Your wine should be served with your main course.

11. 8:45 P.M. Serve fruit cup . . . Follow with soup.

12. As your well coached friend tastes soup he offers his second planned quote, "No wonder Denise said that you were a great cook . . . *too*!" The important word is "*too*." Offer no explanation. You couldn't conjure what she will imagine all by her lonesome.

14. There is No. #13. The needless temptation of fate is the ployman's Achilles' Heel. Serve chicken, vegetables and salad. It is easiest if you make up the plates in the kitchen. One drumstick and one breast to each guest. Have your ployee help bring the plates to the table. This is her first taste of being hostess in your abode. We nurture the feeling of togetherville and belongsville.

15. When all are served, bring on the wine. Make a show of pouring. Add a deft flip as you fill each glass so that there is no droplet caught at the bottle lip. As well coached friend looks upon the red, he says with amazement; "How much time do you spend studying the wine lists? You always seem to know the perfect year." You are now a Bon vivant and a man of the world. What women don't want her man to be able to read a wine card. She'll close her eyes and picture the two of you at the most exclusive place in town. The richly robed wine steward stands in rapt amazement as you dashing name not only the correct wine, but the very best year and the supreme bottling.

16. Have your ployee clear the table as you prepare dessert. See Appendix "G".

17. Serve dessert. Well coached friend now embarrasses you with, "I thought that you spent all of your time in France learning about love. When did you have time to learn how to cook?" Be sure that your ployee realizes that culinary knowledge was secondary. If she does, and since you have prepared a magnificent repast, "quelle homme" should be the words to start the fever in her brain.

18. Coffee and Liqueur should be served at the cocktail or coffee table. Utilize the candles from your dinner setting. No additional illumination is needed. A half hour or so of small talk should help to digest the meal. Do not, under any circumstance, blab your secret about the alcoholic preparation of the meal. This could be a horrendous mistake. The silly girl is liable to think that you've been trying to weaken her.

19. The time has come for well rehearsed friend to make his move to leave. You object. Mustn't appear over anxious. Your WCF's answer is, "I don't know about you two, but we're going up to my place, crawl into bed and stay there until Monday." Now is the time for her broadminded date to come to the fore. If she says nothing else all night long,

at this moment she *must* acquiesce. Truly a small price for a lovely evening, and if well coached friend has played "his" cards right, simply an admission of a simple truth.

20. You leave to get wraps. As WCF says goodnight to ployee he delivers his last line. "You know . . . after watching you two tonight, I'm happy for both of you." By this time, ployee should be agreeing with him.

ACTION EASY:

1. As WCF and date leave, place records from Group "B", Appendix "C" on the record player.

2. Switch off any lights that were turned on as guests departed.

3. Bring out pre-mailed gift and present to ployee. This gambit will overcome any objection to returning room to candle light. Actually, the objection is merely perfunctory anyhow. Ployee prefers candlelight.

4. Ployee will now start to pester you for the answer to the 3-3-6 riddle. Not yet!

ACTION FINISHING TOUCH

1. Be sure to tidy yourself up after dinner. A well placed drop or two of Aphrodisia For Men or comparable lotion is called for.

2. The answers to her fears about being alone with you in your apartment can be met with:

A. "Just a moment to rest."

B. "Perhaps, later, you can help me straighten the kitchen out. Just a dab here and there." (You need a woman around)

C. "All night long I've wanted to be near you . . . and now . . ." You should have everything going for you from togetherville thru mother urge expectancy, to downright passion.

3. As she presents an acquiescent manner, step in with the 3-3-6 gambit. As you prepare for the inevitable, you might play a game that we've found to be a wonderful time saver. You both make up new combinations of numbers that have hidden meanings. One of the members of your acceptance committee came up with a series of numbers to be almost a perfect formula. The series will be available to all ploymen immediately after the reading of his will.

4. The records are scheduled to play until 1:00 A.M. By this time, gentlemen, if you are not making beautiful music of your own, wire or cable your board of directors immediately. It is imperative that we drop you from our rolls.

APPENDIX "A"

SHOPPING LIST

1. #2 Cox Fruit Cocktail
1. Five Hens Cream
1. 4 oz. package (boxed) almonds
1. large string apple
1. frozen chicken breasts (breasts also acceptable)
1. frozen chicken dinan sticks (breasts also acceptable)
1. 1 lb. butter
1. 1 lb. fresh mushrooms
1. head lettuce (or bag)
1. bunch scallions
1. bunch radishes
1. large cucumber
1. tomatoes
1. green bell pepper
1. 4 oz. bottle pure olive oil
1. small tin anchovies
1. 2 oz. package blue cheese
1. package garlic cream
2. eggs
1. can espresso coffee

FORM FATALE



After a lunch of potato chips and root beer, sparked with mountains of cotton candy, topped with four jelly apples . . . No, no, it can't be . . . 290 pounds?

Peggy adds a touch of modern beauty to the antique automobile show. Peggy is set a whirling by the whip.

She enjoyed a ride on the miniature train. Peggy increased business everywhere. She seemed to enjoy the audience, and wasn't a bit self-conscious.

At Central Park's carrousel Peggy rode a pink horse.

Lovely Peggy Evans, has had eighteen wonderful years to develop as attractive a grouping of attributes as any we've seen in many a pulchritudinous moon. This delightfully effervescent lass arrived in New York a short time ago from Cleveland, Ohio, to try to make her break in the hard cruel world of show business. Peggy's talents were discovered early, at school, where she starred in every school production from *Peter Pan* to *Romeo and Juliet*. Her ultimate aim? Movies, naturally. We don't see how she can miss. She acts . . . but who cares? She sings . . . so what? She has a flair for comedy . . . not interested. Look at that face and that ab-so-lute-ly wonderful form fatale. Casting people, unless you're dead . . . you just have to test this beauty. ¶ During a preliminary interview with Peggy our staff discovered she had not yet



seen the sights of New York. This resulted in Peggy and the staff seeing more of Manhattan than most Manhattanites ever will. * Peggy's day began with a trip to Central Park with a ride on the carousel, where she rode a pink horse. Then on to the zoo where the camera caught her as she mimicked the monkeys, growled back at the lions and garumphed at the bears. Thence, across the George Washington Bridge to gay colorful, Palisades Park. Here Peggy had a ball, and it was difficult to keep up with this vivacious beauty as she flitted about from one spot to the other. After a lunch of potato chips and root beer, to say nothing of the mountains of cotton candy and four jelly apples, we wended our way home, the bridge looking very like a huge diamond necklace. However, it did not out-glitter the beauty that is Peggy Evans.













"Oh, Doris it means so much to me to see you getting interested in something besides men!"

THE GIRL ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND



by Trevor Sands • Normally the life of an insurance investigator is really a dull one, it very seldom comes up to the heights that are portrayed in movies, television and novels and I should know for I have been engaged in this particular type of work for nearly nine years. Maybe I should introduce myself, my name is Jack Brant and as I said I work for an insurance company as an investigator, working on fire and theft. It is a general run of the mill job, house to house calls, questions, searches, making up reports and in general making sure that my company is not paying out any false claims. The job itself pays reasonably well. Well enough in fact for me to have saved enough money in the last couple of years to take a vacation in Europe. I found, much to my pleasure that Europe was as fascinating and colorful as I had seen in films. I spent some time in Rome, Monte Carlo, Venice, Paris, Brussels, Le Havre and finally ended up in London where I was to spend the last ten days of my vacation before flying back to New York. I can tell you that by this time I was a little tired of traveling, although the excitement of the trip was keeping me buoyed up. I looked forward to the quiet and serenity that I had heard was to be found anywhere in England, but I soon found that this did not necessarily apply to London, which of all the cities I visited in Europe was the most like New York. • I arrived in London in the early part of May and checked into a hotel in London's famous West End. My first couple of days were spent, naturally, exploring the historical sights,

monuments, museums, in fact seeing all the usual tourist sights. Then I decided to really find out what made London tick; what was behind the scenes that the average tourist did not look for. So I ventured out of the center of London and into the suburbs. Much to my surprise I found them rather like the New York suburbs. Quiet homes, streets and streets of them, beautiful gardens which were now coming into full bloom, and, above all, the thing that struck me was the cleanliness of these suburban streets. I went into one of the 'locals', no not a union but the common name used for the local public house or bar. Over a drink of strong, though rather warm, English beer I was chatting with the landlord, the usual type of conversation, "How do you like England?" "What do you think of it?" and so on. Then he said something to me which I didn't understand, he said, "Are you looking forward to the Whitsun' Holiday." • "Whitsun'," I said, and vaguely my memory was jogged that Whitsun' was indeed an old religious holiday although not kept in the States it is still kept in Europe. I asked him what this would all mean. • "Oh," he said "It's just an extra day on the weekend, Monday being a Bank Holiday and usually people get out and about and there is an atmosphere of rejoicing, although the religious part of it has been forgotten for quite some time." • This, to me, sounded rather interesting so I asked him where I could find the best of the local color. • "Well," he said, "why don't you try Hempstead Heath?" • Hempstead Heath, I thought, I'd heard of

that place, a few miles out of the center of London, a large open space that has been preserved and so I decided that on Whit Monday I would take a look at it. And so it was that around three o'clock on the following Monday I arrived at Hempstead Heath and for a moment I thought that I was at Coney Island on a hot Sunday in the summer. The noise was like Bedlam. And there in one of the hollows, was a real old-fashioned fairground with tents and "barkers" and all the amusements that one could find in any amusement park except for a roller-coaster. I walked in among the crowd and saw a real old-fashioned merry-go-round, complete with callopie blaring out its brash music and the children and adults whistling round and up and down, and it was there that my eyes first fell upon a creature who was soon to become very close to me.

As the round-about, as they called it over there, stopped and the form climbed down from one of the horses, I must admit that I don't think that I had ever seen such a beautiful figure on a woman. She had jet black hair, a 'peaches and cream' complexion, and was wearing a white blouse which was tight enough to show the well rounded proportions of an ample figure of slim hips and thighs which were encased in black elastic pants. She must have noticed my stare for she looked straight at me and I felt very embarrassed for a minute. I turned to walk away and then somehow I found enough courage to turn back towards her and say "excuse me Ma'am, you must forgive my staring but it is not often that I get the chance to look at such a beautiful young woman."

She looked at me quizzically for a few seconds as though she could not believe her own ears and then she said "Don't apologize, I've got quite used to it by now."

From her manner of speech it seemed obvious even to me, an American, that she was of a good class family and had a good education. I decided that the conversation should not end at this stage and proceeded on some usual routine line and finally asked if I could buy her a soda. She agreed to

this and we made our way over to where they were selling soft drinks, as they call them. She ordered a glass of lemonade and I followed suit. On finishing our drinks, which by the way were luke-warm, we walked on through the fairground and she did her best to try to explain to me the various customs and costumes which we saw around us. I was fascinated by her and in fact I don't think that I said more than a dozen words during the next twenty or thirty minutes. Soon we found ourselves out of the locality of the fairground and on the open parkland where we found a bench where we sat down.

Her name, I found out, was Brenda Hill and she lived not more than half a mile from Hempstead Heath in a suburb that I was soon to find was inhabited only by upper-class and very wealthy people. One thing that struck me as being rather odd was the fact that she was wearing pants. This I had noticed as unusual in London where you very rarely see women walking around in pants. I wish I could say the same for New York but we're worlds apart. Anyway I did take this subject up with her and asked her if she felt awkward. She smiled at me and said, "That's why I said that I was used to being stared at, I like wearing pants, I feel happier than I do in a dress. I can't go into all the reasons but believe me I was made for pants."

This seemed rather a pity to me for I felt sure that she would be twice as stunning in a dress but I was certainly in no position to argue with her. The evening was drawing on and I was very thrilled by her very presence and to my amazement she asked if I would like to have dinner with her at her home. Naturally I jumped at the chance.

We arrived at her house, which as I said was not too far from the Heath, we walked up a fifty yard driveway to what I would call a mansion. The door was opened by a servant and we entered and made our way into what I could only describe as a living room where Brenda proceeded to fix drinks. Her parents, I found out, were away on vacation so she was pretty well on her own. It was later in

the evening, while we were being served dinner that I couldn't help noticing that between snatches of conversation a rather troubled look kept crossing her face. Much as I wanted to ask her what was wrong, I just didn't have the courage but as I expected she must have been waiting for someone to talk to and it was then that the story came out. It would appear that the previous years during some rather wild escapades with a crowd of artists and students in Chelsea she had posed for one of the art students, while he was painting and unknown to her someone else was taking photographs of her. Being the only daughter of wealthy parents Brenda soon found that she was the victim of some very heavy blackmail. Personally I couldn't see where the trouble was, for, let's face it, a few nude photographs couldn't cause that much embarrassment, but she assured me that her father would probably have a fit if he found out and also her mother was in a delicate state of health and she would probably not get over such a shock. As we left the table she took me by the arm and led me to a large couch and we sat down with her very close to me. Close enough for me to be aroused by the smell of her perfume and the slightest touch of her body as she breathed.

"Jack," she said, "I don't know why I told you all this, I know that I had to tell someone and I want you to promise that you will keep it to yourself and not tell another living soul."

I promised and my reward was far beyond my expectations for she virtually fell on me, putting her arms around my neck and before you could say 'Jack Robinson' we were in one of the tightest clinches that I had ever experienced. It was only a natural reaction that my hands began to explore her body. The response was electrifying. I could feel the thrust of her breasts against my chest and she was arousing my passions to their highest peak when suddenly the door opened and with a slight cough the maid asked if she could clear the table. I think that I could cheerfully have strangled the maid but that's how things happen. Nat-

ually the clinch broke up and our faces were a little red, but Brenda recovered quickly and told the maid that she wouldn't be needed after which I lay back and began to think of the very pleasant evening that 'should' follow. As the maid left the room Brenda turned to me and in the softest, sweetest voice said "Jack, darling, I don't know what you must think of me, in fact I don't know what to think of myself. I just can't imagine what came over me but I'm glad. I feel that at last I've found somebody whom I can love. Someone whom I can trust. Maybe you don't realize what this means to me but one day I hope to show you."

I was thunderstruck by this statement but at the same time felt highly elated. Was it possible, I thought, that I could feel the same way about this beautiful young woman whom I had met a few hours before. I knew in my heart that not only was it possible but it was in fact true. For the next hour Brenda lay in my arms and we talked about families and background and it was then that I decided that I would have to do something about Brenda's plight. I tried to pump her for information but sensing the reason behind it she refused to divulge anything. I then explained to her that my business was that of an investigator and although not in a criminal way I was sure that in some way my legal knowledge and contacts could help her. She finally agreed to give me the name of the party who held the negatives and to whom she had already paid 1,000 Pounds which even in dollars amounts to quite a reasonable sum (\$3,000). The fella's name was Ronald Court. She didn't know his address but she had just received another letter demanding another 250 Pounds which were to be paid by the following Friday. Much as I wanted to stay with Brenda, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor and that I should return to my hotel. I arranged to meet her the following day for lunch and in the meantime I thought that I would find out more about this Ronald Court.

First thing the following morning I contacted the London office of my Company and they were

pleased to hear from one of their American cousins. I then went along to the office and spoke to the head investigator and told him of my problem without mentioning Brenda's name. As I expected he had not the slightest qualms about tracing this man and within thirty minutes he had found out his address, but advised me to hold off until the next day by which time he would have found much more information on my man. At 12:30 P.M. I met Brenda as arranged and as usual she was wearing pants. I don't know why but this was beginning to bug me, not that she didn't look a dream, it just seemed peculiar. We had lunch and walked around looking in the stores, then in the evening we ate dinner and then took in a show and eventually went to Brenda's home. This time I decided not even to go in for a night-cap as I was sure that the results would be devastating even though it would be very pleasing. I was prepared to wait a little longer, so I returned to my hotel.

At 10:30 next morning I received a call from my London colleague and as he had claimed had dug up enough on Ronald Court to sink a ship. It would appear that although he had no long police record he was known to have been picked up for petty theft and was suspected as being a drug addict along with many smaller vices. I now decided that it was time to make my move. The only thing was, where was he keeping the negatives? I decided to make a bold approach. I left my hotel and called a cab and was in Chelsea before 11:00. I made my way to his flat which was really only a room in a very old house, knocked on his door and waited two or three minutes before it was opened. I was greeted by a rather disheveled creature in a bath-robe, hair tousled and badly in need of a shave. He looked me up and down and said, "Who the hell are you?"

I introduced myself; he didn't know me from Adam anyway.

"Well what the hell do you want?" he said.

I decided to take a chance on his background and said, "I met some of the boys over the weekend who told me that you would be

able to put me on to a few good things."

"Huh," he said, "which of the boys."

I said that I couldn't give him any names I had agreed on that, he then asked me to come in. The room was filthy and stank of liquor, just what you might expect of this type of person. I sat down on a very old armchair and asked him what he had to offer.

"Depends on what you're looking for, mate," he replied.

"Anything," I told him. "I want a bit of excitement and one thing that I would like to get hold of are some photographs to take back to the States with me."

"Photographs," he said "I can get some of those for you but they don't come cheap, you know, cost you five quid a set."

I played along with him and asked "How many to a set?"

"Twenty," he said.

"Well, let's have a look at some."

He went over to the closet, took out a metal box which he opened with a key and took out several packages which he handed to me. Each package contained twenty photographs, the usual sort of crude photographs that one can pick up in most big cities if you know the right places. It was then that I spotted another box inside the metal one. I took a chance: "What have you got inside that one?" I asked.

"They're not for sale," he replied.

"Why not?" I asked.

"They belong to a private customer."

"Well let's just have a look," I said.

"All right, I'll show you one," he replied, pulling out some negatives and he then showed me one. I held it up to the light and although the features on the negative weren't discernible the body certainly was. It was Brenda. I played up the negative saying how good it was and asked if he could arrange for me to meet this broad but he wasn't having any of it. It was obvious this was his big source of income and he wasn't going to let it go. I handed over five pounds and took a set and said that I would probably be back later in

(Continued on page 64)



The beauty and the bar fly

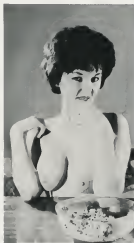
Most women hate to frequent bars on their own. The reasons are obvious, and we don't blame them. But Joy Leslie our cute Hollywood model thinks that if you know how to handle yourself there should be no trouble. We asked her to clarify this and she did as follows: laying down certain rules which must be adhered to,





1. Upon the approach which you know for sure is coming, look surprised, and act coy when he offers to buy you a drink.
2. Let it be known that you are quite capable of buying your own drinks, and that you are at the moment enjoying one. Don't accept a drink under any conditions.
3. Having gotten him in conversation try to keep him at bay by laughing at his jokes (not too heartily). Sympathize a little at his troubles, which are bound to come out, but remain cool and aloof.
4. When you have almost finished your drink put on the "tired" routine; gather your things together, get off the bar stool, finish your drink while standing and make a quick exit.





This routine, Joy assures us, has never failed her. "Of course," she said, "if he's a real hunk of man you can always reverse the rules. / Living in Hollywood Joy has really had to work hard to get to the top of the modeling profession. For many years she had to work part time in a drive-in restaurant to supplement her earnings as a model. It was during this period that she learned how to handle the wolves, as she put it herself, it was invaluable experience. / "Why is it," she asked us "that once a fella knows you're a model he thinks he's on to a good thing? We're no different from other girls. Oh, they make me sick at times." This fact is unfortunately true but we couldn't come





up with an answer. The same thing happens with show girls. Luckily most girls expect this and like Joy are usually two steps ahead of the game. That's why you fellows have such a tough time of it. / Look at it from our point of view if you fellas don't treat the models with respect they'll stop modeling, then we won't be able to take any more photographs and you'll have nothing to feast your eyes on. So stop cutting your own throats, eh fellas.



the week for some more. He seemed as happy as a sand boy when I left him.

Somehow, I thought, I had to get him out of that apartment and get into that steel box. I started making my plans accordingly. The first thing I did was to call Brenda and ask her to meet me for dinner that evening. During the afternoon I had formulated in my mind what I thought would be a simple yet workable plan to decoy him away from his apartment. Of course, for this I would need Brenda's cooperation and would discuss the matter fully with her over dinner.

Brenda was to call him the next evening on the pretext that she had to see him right away, that something had come up and she couldn't raise the 250 pounds he required but had 200 and would be agree to accept this for the time being. The next part of the plan was that should he be in any sort of a hurry, she would then tell him that unless he would give her the negatives immediately that evening, she would go to the police. She had decided it wasn't worth paying out any more money, she would rather face a court scene. Reluctantly Brenda agreed to this plan and it was obvious that she didn't want to get mixed up with this fellow any more, but the thought of getting him off her back spurred her on.

Later that evening I took Brenda home and as usual the ride home in the cab was more than pleasant. It was quite obvious Brenda's feelings towards me were running about as high as my own and I knew it was only a matter of time before my self-control ran away with itself and I'm sure she felt the same way. However, for the time being we both held ourselves in restraint.

The next evening at the prescribed hour I was waiting in the shadows outside Ronny Court's apartment. I didn't have to wait long when I saw him emerge and disappear around the corner. I moved towards the entrance of the house, went up the stairs and proceeded to pick the lock of his apartment door, a matter I found very simple and which only took a matter of a few minutes. My problem now was to unlock the closet without leaving any tell-tale marks, and once again I relied on my lock picking experience. I now had the

steel box in my hands and within a few minutes had broken into it, but to my disappointment I found that the negatives were gone. This, indeed was a puzzle to me and the only thing I could reason out of it was that Ronald had taken them with him when he went to meet Brenda. The only course left open to me now was to wait. I didn't know how long the wait would be for I had arranged with Brenda for her to detain him for at least thirty minutes, but I couldn't tell what time he would return once he had money in his pocket. So all I could do was to sit down and make myself comfortable. It must have been some forty-five minutes later that I heard footsteps outside the apartment door. Somehow I had to hide. I had already selected my spot, a small curtained-off alcove at the other side of the main room of the apartment. I moved quickly and was soon concealed. The door opened and two people entered the room, the first, of course, was Ronald, the second I did not know until I heard the voice, it was Brenda. What in blazes, I thought, is she doing here. Then it became quite clear when she spoke and said to him, "Well now that I'm here, where are the negatives?"

"Take it easy Brenda," he replied, "we're not in any hurry."

Her reply was sharp, "You may not be, but I am."

I heard a movement and an intake of breath from Brenda as she said: "Keep your hands off me."

"Come on now," Ronny said, "you're not going to play coy with me, not after I've seen you posing. At least you could be a little more friendly, after all, you do want the negatives, don't you?"

His voice was slimy, but I couldn't move until I heard where the negatives were. I heard Brenda beginning to struggle and I could almost picture the scene that was taking place almost before my eyes. Suddenly there was a tearing of cloth and a scream from Brenda, followed by a resounding slap which I imagined had caught our friend on the face. This however did no more than anger him further. I thought that it was now about time for me to act. As I came through the curtain, Ronald was in the act of twisting Brenda's arm behind her back, the front of her blouse had been ripped, exposing her beautiful breasts, which I

had dreamed of so often in recent days. With one bound I was close enough to grab his shoulder and a surprised look crossed his face, which only lasted a couple of seconds before my fist connected squarely with his jaw. Even before he had time to sink to the ground I got in more telling blows. Brenda, by now, looked a little horrified and rushed over to me, threw her arms around my neck and began to cry. I pacified her as best I could and even in the excitement I could not help but feel the nearness of her body and once again the uncontrollable urge entered my body. In a few moments Ronald began to stir so I pushed Brenda away and knelt down beside him and caught him by his jacket lapels and told him what would happen to him if he didn't hand over the negatives. He was still too stunned to comprehend so I decided to search him. I found them in the inside pocket of the jacket, put them in my pocket, slipped my raincoat around Brenda and then we left, leaving him moaning on the floor. That as far as I was concerned was the end of that little episode. Brenda was rather shaken up, but she soon felt better after a drop of brandy in a nearby pub. We then took a taxi back to Brenda's house. This time Brenda persuaded me to spend the night and in view of what had recently happened I thought that it would do no harm for her to know that someone was at hand. I was shown to my room and kissed Brenda good-night at the door. After taking a shower I climbed into bed and I was soon fast asleep. Suddenly I awoke with the feeling that someone was in the room. I turned over and in the moonlight I could see Brenda standing at the foot of my bed, a most beautiful sight and one which I will never forget. Her body was completely bare and glistened in the silver strands of moonlight shooting in through the window. She looked towards me and smiled. I held out my arms and she came towards me and our night was complete.

Funny thing, but I never did get to find out why she always wore pants, but again I don't really think that I care as long as she's happy, that's all that matters.





"See here Miss Schultz, aren't you putting the cart before the horse?"



a Fox among the hounds

Ever been to the "Dogs?" We don't suppose you even know what it means, but to an Englishman it means a night at the greyhound track. Last time we were in that quaint country we decided to have a crack at it and that is where we met our model Della Fox. Della wasn't a spectator, she is a kennel maid and her job is to look after the greyhounds; exercise them and parade them before the race.



We know that greyhound racing is popular in Florida and also a few isolated spots around the States but we wanted to know from Della just how popular it was in England. This gorgeous hunk of beauty was very pleased to pass on anything we wanted to know and here are the facts. There are some eight or nine stadia in London alone, that are licensed by the association for racing. Most of these have two meets a week and run eight races a night. The gambling is fast and furious and in many ways resembles the trotters, except that there are besides the betting methods that Americans know, independent bookmakers just like you see in the movies of an English racing track. Attendance figures vary with the location of the track, but you can get up to thirty thousand people at a big meet. Of course there are unlicensed tracks all over the country where Joe Doaks can race his greyhound or whippet. From





all this information, we gathered that dog racing is more than just popular, it is more like an institution. How did Della Fox, a part time model, ever get into such a business? We asked her this very question. It would appear that a few years back her father bought a dog with which he had some success. Then he bought two more. Della was getting used to having these skinny monsters around the house and got quite attached to them so it isn't strange that when her father was taken sick she carried on with his training program. She rather liked the work and soon became a familiar sight at the track. When her father regained his health it wasn't difficult for her to obtain employment as a regular 'kennel maid' at the track itself. The working hours we are pleased to say are such that she still has time for her first love, modeling. That is how we managed to get in these shots.

The big question we have in our minds and we don't doubt that you have the same is, what are the spectators at the track looking at during the pre-race parade, the greyhound or Della Fox?





